

Perverse Poolrooms, Part 1 (TG, 2nd Person)

You stumble, soaking, through the maze, wishing you'd gone swimming in trunks and not a pair of speedos. Before you lies a labyrinth of tiles, bland and gray and slick to the touch. Don't run, or you might just slip and break an arm.

It happened while you were at the public pool. You'd only gone for a quick swim, but just as you were about to call it quits for the session, something caught your attention at the bottom of the wall. You dived down to investigate it, but for some reason you just couldn't reach it—no matter how hard you swam, it was always a little farther away, as if the pool were growing deeper with your descent. Finally, your lungs burning, you made to return to the surface, but no sooner had you broken the water than you realized you weren't in Kansas anymore, Toto.

Endless tiles surround you on all sides. They cover the floor and run up the walls to conceal the ceiling. These rooms they form take on strange shapes and angles: the walls curve and bend for no logical reason, and those parts of them that do appear to make sense are soon interrupted by out-of-place features: a locker, suspended on its side by a doorway. A row of benches, dangling from the ceiling. A pool, complete with steps and a drain, set into the wall. The pipes of a water slide, snaking through the complex at random, as if to accentuate the madness,

"Hello?" you call, looking around you as you walk. So far as you can tell, you're the only one here. You don't know whether to be frightened or relieved by that fact. On the one hand, there's no one to explain where you are, let alone how to get home, but on the other, at least there are no monsters to attack you.

Swallowing your uncertainty, you press your way on into the Labyrinth. Maybe if you keep exploring, you'll eventually find something that can aid you. It seems like a forlorn hope, but it's not like you have many other options at the moment.

Your feet slap against the smooth gray tiles.

*

After what feels like an eternity of walking, you finally notice a change in the texture of the maze: the tiles have changed color. Specifically, they've turned a bland shade of pink, as if the paint has faded from countless hours of contact with water. Ahead appears a gateway, light shimmering from beyond.

You pause, steadying your breathing. Is this your doom or your salvation? Probably the former, but it can't hurt to check, can it? Carefully, you poke your head through the doorway.

On the other side, you find something that, frankly, you should have expected: a pool. A normal-sized, floor-based pool full of waters, exactly like the one you were swimming in before you ended up here. It's the most normal thing you've seen since arriving here, really.

There are a couple of oddities, of course. Firstly, its size: while the pool isn't noticeably *larger* than a normal swimming pool, it's still too large for the room it's in to properly contain it. Its sides run all the way to the walls, leaving no space for you to walk around it. If you want to get to the door on the other side, you'll have to swim across it.

Secondly, the color of the water. While it looks like normal water for the most part, it has a strangely pink hue, as if it's been dyed to match the color of the tiles on the walls. You don't know what to make of that. Perhaps it would be best to dip something in it before you dive, just in case it happens to be acidic. Yes, that's probably for the best.

After confirming with your goggles that the water isn't going to melt you, you hover on the edge, shifting from one foot to the other and wondering whether it might be best to look for another route anyway. Finally, with a deep sigh, you settle on your course of action. Lowering yourself to the floor, you swing your legs over the side of the pool and into the water. It's surprisingly warm, at least compared to the surrounding hallways. Bracing yourself, you push yourself over the edge and into it.

You wanted to enter carefully, keeping your head above the water, but for whatever reason—whether a miscalculation on your part or some mysterious power of the pool—you end up underwater anything. Hovering just under the surface, you float for a second, your lungs taut and your eyes stinging. It *fee/s* like normal water, for the most part. The only thing out of order is this strange sense of tingling. Maybe it will pass soon?

It doesn't. As a matter of fact, it gets stronger. Heart pounding a little faster now (what if it was acid after all?), you turn and, in a fit of panic, swim for the far side, front crawling as fast as your arms will carry you.

As you swim—arms striking the water painfully hard, throwing up great walls of the stuff—the tingling grows more and more intense. Spreading through your form, it seems to sink through your skin and down to your bones, leaving you gasping as your skeleton shakes inside you.

At the same time, an intense tightness strikes your chest. For a moment you think that you're simply out of breath, but no matter how much air you gulp between breaths, the feeling doesn't improve. You're sure you're swelling, too.

By the time you're halfway across the pool, you're certain you're not going to make it. With every swing of your arm, you feel a little weaker, as if your muscles themselves are slowly melting away. Your sense of balance is off too, but you can't pinpoint how. It's like the majority of your weight is in your lower half all of a sudden.

Also, there's so much hair in your face. It's bizarre.

Forcing yourself on, despite the strain, you find to your relief that you've almost arrived. The edge of the pool looms not a meter away from you.

With one last immense stroke, you grab the edge and grip tight and haul yourself, panting, out of the water. As you rise, you can't help but take notice of your breathing. Is it just you, or does it sound a little lighter than normal?

Your arms give just as you get your legs out. With a gasp, you collapse and roll onto your side and lie there, panting for breath. You feel like you've spent every ounce of energy you possess. You can barely lift a finger.

At least, that's what you think till you notice the mirror. It takes you a second to recognize it as one—for a moment, you think you're looking through a window. The reason is very simple: because instead of your reflection, there's some strange, androgynous woman lying there topless, drenched in pink water and panting for breath. What a strange coincidence. She almost looks like your twin—

With a high-pitched squeal of terror, you leap to your feet and throw yourself at the glass, heart pounding painfully fast now. What's happened to you? You look like you've just spent the last few months on estrogen. Your frame is smaller, your skin softer, your hips ever so slightly wider. There are even a pair of budding breasts fighting to escape your chest. Clasping one, you squeak—it's so sensitive!

And your face...! Raising a hand, you rub your chin in horror—even now, it's shifting beneath your fingers, losing its last few hints of masculine sharpness. Your nose declines, your brow shrinks, and long locks of hair fall in front of your eyes, slowly curtaining the world. You brush them aside, biting a lip that's fuller than ever, and blushing, as if you've met a beautiful woman. It's not a lie.

The rest of your body follows the path of your head with speed. Your shoulders finish collapsing inward with a crack, and your hips—ever the contrarian—do the opposite, stretching to an *absurd* width. You squeak as they stretch your speedos even tighter.

You feel their tightness most between your legs, primarily because they're squeezing your cock like a stressball. Collapsing, you lie there on the floor and writhe, heart pounding, struggling to pull them off, as your thighs thicken around them and make the whole situation a hundred times worse. It feels like your genitals are about to pop.

Your hands drop. The pressure vanishes. With a gasp, you snap upright and look down and find that your speedos are no longer *quite* as tight as they once were. Where your sex once bulged through their latex, there remains nothing more than the impression of two lips. Heart thudding, you raise a hand, extend two fingers, and go to—

Ecstasy stabs you. Squealing, you snatch your hand away. It can't be true—it can't be! How can you possibly have a vagina?!

Even as you fight to deny it, your transformation continues unabated. Your hands and feet are refined to a more feminine state, while all the hair falls from your arms and legs, leaving your skin as soft and supple as you could possibly expect. The hair atop your head, meanwhile, continues to grow, growing till it falls all the way to your hips.

Finally, the changes appear to stop. The woman in the mirror is barely recognizable. Beautiful. Blonde. Bright-eyed and big-buttock'd.

She's missing only one thing.

Looking down, you watch as your nipples tremble. Beneath them, your budding breasts pulse and shudder like living things in themselves and at last, without the slightest restraint, bulge swiftly from your chest, growing fatter and fatter with the second. You squeal and try to cup them, struggling to hold them as they spill over your arms. They're so sensitive you want to scream—you've never felt anything like it. Even the mild pressure of your arms is enough to make them tingle. You bit your lip and screw up your eyes and shudder in delight.

After almost a full minute of this, they finally cease growing. You're not sure what cup size they are, but you can confidently say they're large. How are you supposed to live with these ridiculous balloons dangling from your chest? Especially when even the slightest move makes them—*Nn~!*

As if to answer your question, your speedos pulse as if they're alive and split like an amoeba, sending half their mass to support your new chest. Squirming, its new halves shift and reshape before finally assuming the form of a tight bikini, bright red and as skimpy as they come.

Covering yourself, you squeal with newfound embarrassment. What if someone were to see you like this? You're practically naked!

In the mirror, you catch your beautiful new body blushing and blush even harder. What the hell has happened to you? How can this possibly be real?

Since answers are unforthcoming, you collect yourself and struggle to figure out what to do next. Should you retreat? Swim back through the pool? But what if it transforms you again, and into something worse than a woman? You've no way of knowing what it will do without trying it, and shaken, sodden, and female, you're really not in the mood to try it.

Shivering, you look around. No, you've no choice but to carry. Gathering up all your strength, you rush forward, trying to ignore the way your curvaceous new body jiggles as you walk (No running!) through the labyrinth. Your soft new soles slap against the tiles.

From the pool, you pass through another corridor of tiles, misplaced seating arranged along its ceiling. Ahead, the hallway terminates in a doorway, where the tiles change color again, from pink to a soft green. Summoning all your courage, you step through it.

...and find yourself staring at another impassable pool. This one's bright green, and just as frightening as the first.

Swallowing, you bite your lip. Perhaps you should have retreated after all.